

# The Pizza Boy

By FangirlingStrangerThings



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**Summary:** Mileven modern day college AU inspired by Finn's new film Dog Days. Two shot. The story of how ordering a pizza because El and Max are too lazy to cook ends up with El falling in love with the Pizza Boy. A story of one night, love at first sight, multiple pizza orders and a bundle of awkward flirting and fluff. Rated T for cursing and awkward sexual innuendos.

## 1. Part One

### The Pizza Boy

AN: Welcome to my first ever one-shot and just for readers of my other stories *The Life You Deserve*, *Part of Your World* and *Happier With You*; this is completely standalone.

So, since I saw the trailer for *Dog Days* this little idea has been playing in my mind and I wanted to get it out there before *Dog Days* premieres.

I hope you enjoy this! :-)

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"Max I'm home!" El called out the moment she walked into the apartment that she shared with her best friend. They were juniors in college and found it cheaper to live together and split the bills over the extortionate price of living on campus.

"I'm in the living room!" Max called back in response whilst El shook her jacket off and hooked it onto the coat stand. She yawned, throwing her bag by the door and kicked off her shoes.

"How was work?" Max asked, her voice louder as El walked towards the living room. The sound of the television started to prick her ears and El smiled knowing that Max was watching *The Notebook* despite her protests that she hated that film.

"Work was work. You know what it's like, once you've served one coffee you've – "

El stopped abruptly as Max came into view. Her red headed best friend was slung across the couch in denim shorts and a baggy sweater, her hair plaited to the side in a French braid. But it wasn't Max's appearance that stunned El. It was the thing stirring on her chest.

"Max...what is *that*?"

Max looked up at El and grinned, stroking the creature that popped

its head up to see where the new voice had come from.

"*That* is a pug, *he* to be exact. His name is Gizmo, he's my grandma's dog." Max said snorting in amusement at El's reaction to the dog who was now wagging his short tail and had jumped down from his comfy position to greet a surprised El.

She bent down and stroked the small dog, grinning at Gizmo's big bulging black eyes and sandy coat. "He's actually really cute," El couldn't help but admit as she took in his squished face and scratched behind his ear.

"Well I'm glad you think he's cute because we're dog sitting him this weekend." Max said before yawning and snuggling further into the couch cushions.

El rolled her eyes in fake annoyance at the fact that Max hadn't even thought to mention that Gizmo was coming to stay. "What if I had plans?" She said to her best friend before sitting more comfortably on the floor whilst Gizmo jumped onto her lap.

Max scoffed, "oh please! Your only plans are with me and you know it." She teased making El huff in embarrassment because she was totally right. It wasn't like she would have some hot date or something.

El had given up on dating a year ago, losing faith in all men after several dates when the guy only seemed interested in getting into her pants. Not that she had let them of course.

"So what's for dinner?" El asked changing the subject from her lack of a social life. It was a universal understanding between Max and El that when one of them was working, the other one handled dinner.

Max shrugged and looked at the television screen lazily. "I was thinking we could just order pizza and have a girly night on the couch with Gizmo."

El grinned and stroked the little pug. "Sounds good to me. Do you want your usual?"

Max nodded, "yes the deluxe please." Whilst the red head was more

adventurous with her pizza toppings El was just a regular cheese pizza kind of girl. She had lost count of the amount of times Max had complained that she needed to stop being boring and order a damn topping. Did extra cheese count?

Whilst Max took Gizmo out for a quick walk, El took the menu off the fridge for *Casa Bianco Pizza Pie* and grabbed her cell phone, tapping the touch screen and quickly dialling the number.

"Thanks for ringing Casa Bianco Pizza Pie, this is Lucas, how can I help you?" Came a bored voice.

"Hi, I'd like to place an order for delivery?"

"Fire away," Lucas answered sarcastically making El want to laugh. She could hear the sound of glasses clinking in the background, the steady noise of murmured voices and a loud exclamation of "shit, shit, shit I burnt the crust!"

"Shut *up* Dustin" Lucas hushed through gritted teeth before clearing his throat. "Sorry about that, what can I get you?"

El put in her order and provided Lucas with her address. He mumbled that it should be about 30-40 minutes and El thanked him, putting her phone on the side before heading to her bedroom to get out of her barista uniform.

She changed into sleep shorts, a white tank top and pulled her wild curls into a messy top bun. Finally feeling relaxed and comfortable El sauntered into the living room and flung herself onto the couch.

Max came back 10 minutes later with an excitable Gizmo, both of them joining El on the sofa, laughing and kicking each other for equal space to stretch their legs out whilst the happy pug settled in the middle on top of their tangled legs.

El sighed longingly as they watched Rachel McAdams and Ryan Gosling kissing passionately in the rain. "I want what they have," she whined making Max snort.

"You want to find the love of your life and then be separated for years, get engaged to someone else and then finally get back

together?"

El rolled her eyes and smirked at Max, "no you wastoid." She exhaled deeply and rolled her shoulders back to get cosier against the couch cushions. "I just mean, finding that person that you have this *instant* connection with. Someone that you love with every part of your being. Someone you would do anything to be with because they make you the person you were always meant to be."

Max raised her eyebrows and smiled, "woah that was deep." The girls were quiet for a moment, too immersed with Ryan Gosling hoisting Rachel McAdams up as they kissed passionately before making love.

"But remember, this is a film." Max finally pointed out after the steamy scene. "Everything you just explained is from a movie that isn't *real*."

"I guess," El muttered, her eyes still on the screen when there was a gentle knock at the front door. She blinked and smiled at Max, "that'll be the pizza!"

"Take my wallet," Max said before leaning forward and pulling Gizmo onto her lap.

"Why aren't *you* getting the door?" El teased as she extracted herself from the couch.

"Because I'm busy with Gizmo, I can't help it if he just curled up here." Max said playfully making El chuckle as she grabbed the wallet and hurried to the front door.

"Pause the film!" El called to Max as she turned the door handle. "I'm not missing another moment of this epic love sto – "

Every single atom in El's body froze as she opened the door and forgot how to speak, move or even breathe for a moment. The pizza boy had arrived but oh man he wasn't a boy, he was a man. A *beautiful* man.

Every love song El had ever known seemed to play in her mind as she stared at the man and he stared back.

He was tall, with dark floppy hair that almost fell into his eyes and curled at the ends. His pale skin was so clear he looked ethereal and his straight nose and high cheek bones were splattered with golden freckles that looked like stars. His lips were almost red in comparison to his stark white skin and El felt the desperate need to kiss them. And his eyes, oh *god* his eyes were such a dark amber that they were almost black, but they seemed to sparkle like the night sky as he looked into El's eyes.

Her heart seemed to be re-born in that moment, beating erratically as a million butterflies exploded in a burst of colour into her stomach.

El didn't know how long she stood there staring at this man who was looking back at her, his eyes dancing over her face whilst her cheeks blushed. *Finally* she felt some air being squeezed back into her lungs and she gasped breathlessly.

"C-Can I help you?" she choked, her mouth still slightly open in awe. She wasn't even sure if she had blinked yet.

He cleared his throat and his eyes went down to something he was holding. El followed his glance and then cringed in embarrassment, *oh shit yeah, the pizzas!*

"Oh," El laughed awkwardly, shuffling from one foot to the other. "The pizzas...*right*..."

"Y-Yeah pizza..." The man croaked, a sheepish smile lifting up his pretty lips. El was mesmerised staring at them, his voice also sending a fluttering sensation through her heart.

There was a little yap bringing El out of her daze and she blinked in time to see Gizmo running eagerly towards the handsome man.

Before she could stop the pug, he was sniffing around the man's pants leg and then within a second had leaned up on his little legs and started to hump the poor pizza boy's leg.

"Oh my god, oh my god!" El gasped as she bent down to extract Gizmo whilst the man nervously laughed and tried to shake the dog off. "I'm *so* sorry!"

"It's okay," the man chuckled whilst El grabbed Gizmo and held him under her arm. He smiled shyly and ran a hand over the back of his neck. "I guess it means he likes me?"

"He's probably attracted to you," El blurted out, her cheeks burning as she realised how much *she* was attracted to him.

"You think?" The pizza boy asked playfully, a lopsided grin on his pretty face.

El felt like she had the wind knocked out of her as she stared into his eyes, feeling drawn in by him in a way she had never experienced before. "Y-Yeah he's got good taste..."

"El where are these pizzas?" Max moaned, trudging down the hallway and stopping when she noticed the way El and the pizza boy were staring at each other. She smirked and cleared her throat so that they both blinked bewildered and turned to her, with matching blushes.

"Um yeah, that's \$21 please." The man said coughing awkwardly as he pushed the pizzas towards El.

She felt equally flustered and opened Max's wallet, taking out \$30 and handing the bills over with a coy smile. "Keep the change," El said breathlessly as she exchanged the cash for the two pizza boxes and ignored Max's grunt of indignation over the decent tip coming out of her money.

The pizza boy looked down at the dollars in surprise, "really? Wow thanks." His gaze landed back on El's eyes and they both smiled at each other foolishly whilst he started to walk backwards from the door.

"Um e-enjoy your pizza." He called sheepishly.

El leaned against the door, poor Gizmo still stuck under one arm whilst she clutched the boxes in the other hand. "Thank you," she replied grinning before blushing for the millionth time. "And sorry about Gizmo humping you."

The man laughed, "it's okay." They stared at each other for a little while longer before the pizza boy gave her a small wave and headed

down the hallway, looking back to smile before disappearing around the corner.

El gasping for breath shoved the pizza boxes into Max's waiting arms and then closed the front door, immediately pressing her back against it and closing her eyes.

"What the hell was *that*?!" Max asked snorting with laughter.

El moaned and kept her eyes closed whilst the image of the handsome man flashed before her mind. "I'm in love with the pizza boy..."

Max grinned, "yeah I could see that. I'm surprised *you* didn't offer to hump him from the way you were smiling and batting your eyelashes!"

"Oh please," El huffed, opening her eyes and finally letting a deflated Gizmo down. "I don't even know his name," she said stiffly before grabbing her pizza box from Max and heading back to the couch.

"His name is Mike," Max called casually from behind El as she followed her into the living room.

"How do you know his name?" El asked suspiciously as she got comfy on the couch with her pizza.

Max snorted, "because of the shitty little name tag that said *Mike*."

"Oh," El squeaked before clearing her throat and trying to ignore the blotchy red blush creeping up her cheeks. "I didn't see it. I was – "

"Too busy staring into his eyes?"

"Yes..." El whined in defeat hiding her red face in the couch cushion whilst Max cackled with laughter.

The red head un-paused the film and settled down next to El who was still hiding her embarrassed face. Max opened her pizza box and frowned. "Do you have my pizza? This is just a plain cheese."

El lifted her head from the cushion despite her heated cheeks and

opened her pizza box lid lazily to find that she also had a plain cheese. When she heard Max groan in annoyance she quickly said, "I did order you a deluxe I *swear*!"

Max huffed and closed the pizza box, putting it down roughly on the coffee table before reaching for her phone. She found the number and then called the restaurant.

El watched as Max spoke with Lucas, telling him that someone fucked up and that they had two plain cheese pizzas instead of her deluxe pizza.

"Tell me about it!" Max said in exasperation. "Who orders a plain cheese? It's totally boring." El rolled her eyes, half annoyed at her friend calling her boring but also curious at how well Max was getting on with Lucas.

"Oh, your friend *Mike* likes plain cheese?" Max said feigning mock innocence whilst winking at a bright red El. "That's very interesting..."

"And tell me Lucas, is this the same Mike who delivered the pizzas?" Max asked whilst smirking mischievously at El who was glaring back at her whilst Gizmo sat nudging the pizza box on the coffee table.

"And what's his story? Pervert? Murderer? Single?" Max was drilling Lucas for all the content whilst El tried to grab the phone off her in embarrassment, but her best friend was too strong and managed to get El lying down on the couch on her stomach whilst Max sat on her legs without even having broken a sweat.

Max laughed, "oh no, he's not my type." El huffed from her position on the couch and listened as her best friend flirted with Lucas. Before long she was giggling and acting all coy, making El roll her eyes.

"Perfect it's a date. I'll see you Saturday night at 8." Max reiterated. She giggled again and grinned like a Cheshire cat, "okay Lucas, see you then. Bye."

El whined, "how do you make it look so *easy* to get a date?"

Max hopped off El's legs, freeing the brunette who rubbed at her sore

calves and tucked them under her body.

The red head grinned and handed El back her pizza box. "It's easy once you know they're interested too." She admitted stealing a slice of the cheese pizza. "And trust me, from the way he was staring at you, that Mike is definitely into you. Oh, and he's not a pervert or a murderer, and he's single. *And* straight too." Max said wisely smirking at El who was picking at her pizza nervously.

"So...um, is he coming back with another pizza?" El asked sheepishly. She couldn't keep the nerves out of her voice and wanted to kick herself for being so ridiculous.

"He sure is," Max grinned knowingly before taking another bite out of her slice. Her blue eyes appraised El for a moment. "So, we best get you ready."

She frowned, her hand stopping before grabbing another piece of pizza. "What do you mean?" she asked suspiciously, her hazel eyes narrowing with uncertainty.

"El I love you, but you look like a slob right now. Have you *seen* your hair?!"

El opened her mouth and furrowed her brow in offence as she reached up and patted her crazy curls. "What's wrong with my hair?!"

"It looks like a bird's nest," Max snorted before narrowly avoiding a punch to her shoulder which only made her chuckle in amusement.

Max closed the pizza box and got up from the couch holding out her hand for El, "come on queen let's get you ready."

El sighed but begrudgingly took Max's hand, allowing her to heave her off the couch. Gizmo followed the girls, racing around their feet as they walked into El's bedroom.

She walked over to her full-length mirror whilst Max started rummaging in her dresser. When El caught sight of her hair she couldn't help but flinch. *Okay maybe Max was right...*

Her best friend had been kind with the description of a bird's nest

because El thought it more closely resembled a rat's nest. She groaned and unravelled her hair ties, letting her thick curls fall free before grabbing her brush.

"Right wear this," Max said chucking an item of clothing at El who leaned down to pick it up from the floor after it bounced off her chest.

El frowned and hooked a finger through the lace strap, showing it to her best friend in confusion. "A bra? Max I'm already *wearing* a bra."

"Yeah well that's a push up bra," Max said wiggling her eyebrows whilst El rolled her eyes. "It'll make the ladies look even better," she explained further before pulling out a few dresses.

El couldn't help but laugh at her best friend's antics. "Max! I just *saw* him dressed like this," She sighed impatiently, gesturing to her tank top and sleep shorts. "I can't wear something else, wouldn't that be too obvious?"

Max shrugged, "he's a guy. He probably wasn't paying attention to what you were wearing..." She sorted through a few dresses before smirking and holding up a black body con dress. "Yes! Wear this!"

El scoffed, "absolutely not." The black body con dress had been an impulse buy, but the moment she had seen how much it showed off her body, especially her boobs and her ass, she wasn't so keen on it anymore.

"Oh, come on!" Max whined. "You'll look *amazing* I promise." She smiled sweetly at El, breaking down her walls. "We're running out of time, and you want to look nice right?"

El sighed and grabbed the dress, "fine," she huffed whilst Max cheered in triumph. She put the push up bra on as requested and with her best friend's help managed to pull the dress on, cursing under her breath as she tried to shift the tight material over her body.

Max stepped back from El and beamed, "you look hot! If I was into girls I *totally* would." Gizmo seemed to bark in agreement and wag his tail making El snort.

"Right make up," Max said promptly as she clapped her hands together.

El shook her head and crossed her arms resolutely, "nope sorry. But this is more than enough." She was determined that this was ridiculous and *way* too much, but somehow found herself hastily putting on some mascara and lip gloss when Max left the room with a scurrying Gizmo at her heel.

There was a gentle knock at the door, just the same as before and El choked, feeling her heart frantically pound and her palms sweat. "Shit," she whimpered to herself as she slowly left the bedroom and walked towards the front door.

"Give him your number!" Max called, popping her head around the door whilst holding Gizmo. El groaned already knowing that her best friend was going to be listening in.

She took a deep breath and checked her dress was suitable, well as suitable as a short body con dress can be before pushing up her bra one more time and opening the front door.

"I'm so sor – " The apology that Mike was trying to get out seemed to die on his tongue as his expression faltered from one of embarrassment to one of awe. His eyes widened, and his jaw dropped as he took in El's appearance.

She however felt uncomfortable and stupid. Surely, he was wondering why the hell she had changed? El gripped onto the door, needing something to keep her up as she stared at the love of her life once more. She felt like crying because he was so damn *perfect*.

Mike finally blinked and took a breath, averting his eyes to the pizza box he was holding. "That's um a really nice dress, I mean you look really pretty..." He choked out whilst El tried desperately to hide her pleased grin.

"Are you, uh, going on a date?" Mike asked, his eyes lifting back up to meet El's.

She blushed and felt practically ready to just hand him over her

heart. "No," she said quickly, trying to clear her dry throat and shaking her head for good measure. "I was just dressing up," she said before laughing like an idiot, whilst inside she grimaced.

"Oh...okay," Mike said smiling sheepishly.

There was an awkward silence whilst they both stared at each other. El's grip on the door tightened and she could barely think straight with the butterflies fluttering madly in her stomach and her pulse pounding in her ears.

"I don't have a boyfriend!" she blurted out before her eyes widened in horror at letting her mouth run wild. *Shit.*

Mike blushed, his eyes flicking to the floor whilst he bit his lower lip, El was watching his mouth so closely that she noticed the way his teeth were preventing a smile from erupting on his gorgeous lips. It only made El feel more flustered.

"I just mean...I'm not dressing up for a date b-because I don't have a boyfriend. Like I'm single..." She said weakly, having hoped to dig herself out of an embarrassing hole. But now it just felt like she had added dynamite to said hole and it was exploding underneath her.

"Right," Mike answered chuckling nervously before clearing his throat and staring at the pizza box. His cheeks flushed, and he lifted his head once more, captivating El with his gaze.

"I'm really sorry about messing up with the pizzas. This isn't *actually* my job. My friend Will was sick, and I said I would cover his shift because my other friend Lucas runs the restaurant and he was short staffed." Mike explained as he handed over the pizza.

"That was really kind of you to help out your friends like that," El said smiling as she took the box and clutched onto it like it was her only life support.

Mike grinned and shrugged his shoulders, "they are still paying me and everything. Not that I deserve it, I'm the worst pizza boy ever." He said chuckling in exasperation at his delivery skills.

His laugh made El's insides turn to mush and her brain to short

circuit for a moment so when she laughed in response it was slightly delayed and she wanted to kick herself for the strange tension between them.

"You're not the worst pizza boy ever," El said probably a bit too late to sound believable but it seemed to make Mike's brow raise in surprise. "You're actually like...good. *Really* good."

A pretty blush crept up on his high cheek bones and he beamed at her words, his eyes crinkling in delight. "Really?" he asked softly before laughing, "you're not just saying that because your dog tried to sexually assault me?"

El snorted, unable to stop herself from grinning like a fool. She took a breath and tried to put a serious look on her face, "he did *not* try to sexually assault you," El shrugged playfully, "he was just humping you because you know...you're attractive – to *him*!"

Mike raised a thick eyebrow and crossed his arms, making his biceps become more prominent against his thin red baseball style shirt. El's eyes were glued to them and she gulped realising how ridiculous she looked.

"Humping is totally sexual assault," Mike said teasingly, making El blink and focus back on his face. His mischievous grin made her almost stab holes into the pizza box with her nails because of how tightly she was gripping it.

"It would be sexual assault if a *person* did that to you against your will," El reasoned smiling gently and wondering why the hell they were talking about sexual assault of all topics. *Really attractive El*. "I mean, if *I* was humping you, then that would be sexual assault..."

"Only if I didn't *want* you to hump me..." Mike said quietly, his voice so suddenly deep that El felt herself melt. *Oh shit, I'm going to drip into a puddle right in front of him*.

She didn't think she had ever been so red in her entire life. Thankfully Mike looked equally embarrassed by what he said and they both averted their eyes, looking anywhere but at one another.

El heard a very quiet voice being cleared and looked to the side, to see Max hiding behind the front door holding Gizmo. She blinked in surprise, wondering if her best friend was a ninja for getting so close to El and Mike without either of them hearing her.

"*Give him your number*" Max mouthed whilst El coughed and shook her head resolutely, feeling mortified by the topics she had been discussing with Mike. He was watching her curiously, probably wondering why the hell it looked like she was having a conversation with herself.

She tried to change the subject to something more normal. El looked down at the pizza box in her hands, "so um Mike...do *you* like pizza?"

Mike blinked and then smiled warmly, "yeah I like pizza. But I think I've seen enough of them tonight to last a life time," he said chuckling before shuffling his feet and putting his hands in the pockets of his black jeans. "The restaurant does nice desserts though, like the tiramisu is so good. Maybe um...maybe you could like order it or something?"

El gulped quietly, was he trying to get her to place an order, so he could come *back*? She chanced a glance at Max who held her free thumb up in agreement and nodded eagerly.

"Wouldn't you have to come back here like a third time though?" El asked dumbly whilst Max rolled her eyes behind the door.

Mike smiled shyly and shrugged, "I don't mind. I mean I know where you live now..." He froze and coughed, "not that I'm like a stalker or anything!"

El laughed, her heart aching with want. "I don't think you're a stalker," she said smiling softly, her eyes gazing over his face whilst he grinned sheepishly.

"Cool," he exhaled quietly.

"Cool," El agreed, her heart beat now in her throat as she tried to think of something to say. How did you just go '*oh hey here's my phone number!*'

There was a sudden vibrating noise and El blinked coming back to reality as Mike grabbed his phone out of his pocket and answered the call. He seemed to flinch and El couldn't help but smile as she recognised Lucas's annoyed voice.

"Yeah I know! Sorry, I'll get going now. Okay, *sorry*, Jesus..." Mike said shaking his head as he disconnected the call. He looked up at El in embarrassment and smiled bashfully. "Lucas said I'm 15 minutes late getting the next order out and if I don't get a move on he's gonna dock my pay. Friends huh?"

El tried to ignore Max's frantically flailing limbs as she continued to try and grab her attention and mouth "*get his fucking number dipshit!*"

"Yeah friends," El said trying to smile whilst mentally thinking about how she was going to kick Max's ass in a minute if she didn't stop.

Mike cleared his throat, "so um, just call if you want dessert I guess..." he said smiling shyly before slowly walking away.

El tried desperately not to blush at the innuendo and how her mind was cooking up all sorts of lovely fantasies about Mike which most definitely had nothing to do with actual dessert.

"Y-Yeah," El answered weakly, smiling coyly. "I will. Bye Mike,"

"Bye El," Mike grinned before disappearing out of sight.

El slowly closed the door, taking a deep calming breath whilst Max exclaimed, "are you freaking *crazy*?! He couldn't have flirted with you more if he tried! He said you looked really pretty, he was all dorky and shy and then he basically said he wanted to have sex with you!"

"He did *not* say he wanted to have sex with me!" El flushed bright red as she huffed and walked into the living room, Max hot on her tail with Gizmo who just looked excited at the prospect of more food.

Max snorted, "oh please, he asked you to call if you wanted *dessert*."

"As in *tiramisu*!" El practically shouted, her face blazing with embarrassment.

Max let Gizmo down, grabbed her phone and smiled at her best friend, "we're totally calling again so he has to come back."

"No Max!"

"Yes El!" Max whined back, "he's so into you, he's practically in love."

El moaned and dug her head into the cushions. "Max I can't deal with this flirting shit, I talked to him about Gizmo humping his leg and *sexual assault!* Who *does* that?!"

Max grinned, jumping onto the couch next to El, "*you* do that apparently. And he basically said he wouldn't *mind* you humping him!"

"Oh my god Max I can't do this," El said lifting her face from the cushions, not at all surprised if she was as red as a tomato. "I am going to get back into my comfy clothes, chuck my hair up and wallow in self-pity."

Before Max could say another word El had left the living room, she pulled at her dress groaning in frustration when she had to practically bend herself in half to yank the tight material off her body. Her tank top and sleep shorts were a welcome addition and she quickly scooped her hair back up, tying it into a neater bun than earlier so Max didn't give her anymore shit about bird's nests.

"What do you wanna watch?" Max asked from by the DVD stand as El re-entered the room. She felt thankful that her best friend seemed to have mercifully dropped the Mike topic. El wasn't about to admit how much she was wallowing over ruining it with him.

"I don't know," El mumbled as she grabbed one of the pizza boxes and stuffed her face with cold cheese pizza. "Titanic or Moulin Rouge or something..."

Max rolled her eyes, "so you want to watch a sad film?" When El just shrugged the red head shook her head in dismay and continued to search. "Fuck it let's watch Frozen, Elsa doesn't need a man."

"It's not like she's had a chance to find a guy." El reasoned as she nibbled at the crust of her pizza slice.

Max shrugged and put the movie in, "yeah but she doesn't *need* a man. She's fierce." El didn't argue with the red head and settled down, trying to get into one of her favourite films but being distracted by thoughts of Mike. How cute he was, how handsome, how sweet and how caring he clearly was to help his friends out.

They were an hour into the film, cuddling together under a blanket with Gizmo when there was a knock at the front door. They could barely distinguish it over the sound of Anna, Kristoff and Olaf falling off a cliff, but Max frowned, untangling herself from El and Gizmo.

"Are you expecting anyone?" El called whilst the red head walked towards the front door.

"No," she replied, interest evident in her voice.

El kept her eyes on the screen, absentmindedly scratching behind Gizmo's ear and thinking how she was going to miss the small pooch when he went home.

"Oh *hello*," El heard Max say in a teasing voice. The playfulness of her tone made El frown, her ears twitching. "Come on in!"

El sat up wondering if it was Lucas, although she could have sworn they weren't going on their date until the weekend.

Max came around the corner, a shit eating grin on her face that immediately made El's stomach lurch. But it was nothing like the utter mayhem that erupted in her body the moment Mike came into view, smiling sheepishly behind Max and holding a white paper bag.

"Mike!" El yelped in surprise quickly trying to work her way out of the blanket, but in her fluster only managing to trap her legs for a good 30 seconds before she was able to finally make her way off the couch.

"W-What are you doing here?" El asked anxiously as she crossed her arms over her chest, kicking herself internally for having changed out of her sexy dress and back into her slob clothes.

Mike just smiled at her, his eyes dancing over her outfit for a moment as his cheeks turned pink. "Lucas told me to finish early because I was

so shit, and I um...well I wanted to bring you some tiramisu..." he said breathlessly whilst Max gave El a knowing smirk.

El's eyes went down to the bag and her heart bounced with excitement, "oh," she croaked before desperately trying to clear her throat and meet Mike's dazzlingly eyes. "That's really sweet of you."

They continued to grin at each other until Max coughed loudly and scooped Gizmo up, "*anyway...*the pug and I are going to my room." Without further ado Max pranced out of the room gleefully leaving a flustered Mike and El to stare at each other bashfully.

"Um...if you want I can just leave this here and go?" Mike finally said after the silence became too much.

El blinked and shook her head resolutely, determined to fight her nerves. "No. I mean you can stay if you want and um, we can share the tiramisu. Only if you want to..."

"I *do* want to." Mike answered immediately before looking down at the floor shyly. "I mean, that would be cool..."

El squealed internally and nodded her head, fighting the massive grin on her face. It was sadly winning. "That's um...that's...yeah, I'll go and get some spoons." She hurried to say before hastily rushing to the kitchen and yanking open the cutlery draw with a lot more force than was needed.

She returned with two spoons and a shy smile as she watched Mike stand awkwardly in the middle of the living room looking around with interest. "We can um sit on the couch, if that's okay?" she asked him anxiously whilst closing the significant distance between them.

"Totally," Mike said breathlessly before sitting on the couch and unwrapping the plastic container of tiramisu.

El tried to ease her trembling body the moment she sat down next to Mike and felt the heat rolling off his body. Her heart was so loud that she prayed he wouldn't hear it.

"So, what were you watching?" Mike asked, his eyes flicking to the television. El immediately blushed with embarrassment, wondering if

he would think she was a child.

"Frozen." She said smiling and shrugging her shoulders.

Mike grinned, "yeah I've seen Frozen before, it's good." He said before thanking her when she passed him a spoon. "Although I am more of a Star Wars fan," he added with a sheepish grin.

El smiled and moved a tiny bit closer to him, pretending to use the tiramisu container in his lap as an excuse. "Well we have those too. Maybe um, when Frozen's finished we could watch one?"

"I'd like that," Mike said smiling warmly at her, they got lost in each other's eyes for a moment, their intense stare only being broken from the spell of their attraction by a little yap coming from Max's room followed by her telling Gizmo to shut up or he'll be evicted.

El laughed nervously and then almost swooned when Mike shuffled closer to her, explaining it was so that the tiramisu container could rest against both of their thighs. Their bodies were pressed together as they ate and watched the film.

Even when the dessert was finished and El changed the movie to *A New Hope* because Mike said the classic ones were his favourite, they still stayed sat as close as possible. Their arms touching and their legs brushing against one another. El had never felt so much electricity in her life, it was practically palpable.

She was pleased to see how much they had in common as they debated Star Wars, discussed their degree programs with Mike going to the same college as El, as well as discussing their families. Mike explained how he had two sisters whilst El told him that she was adopted by the Police Chief of a small town so didn't have any siblings.

They had just finished *The Empire Strikes Back* when Mike realised the time. "Oh shit, I best get going or the guys will freak." He said anxiously grabbing his jacket.

"Oh okay," El said getting up from the couch with Mike and trying to hide her disappointment.

They both stood there for a moment staring at one another as if they were both desperate for someone to say *something*, but they were both so shy, not wanting to ruin everything they had built.

"So," Mike began, stuffing his hands into his jeans pockets. "I guess it would be rude to not finish a trilogy. Maybe we should, uh watch *Return of the Jedi* some time?"

"Yes," El said right away, nodding her head eagerly and smiling. "It would be really rude to George Lucas if we didn't finish them."

Mike laughed at her comment and then bit his lip, smiling bashfully. His fingers seemed to grip around his phone and he pulled it out of his pocket. "Would it be okay if I um got your number?"

"Definitely," El said, unable to stop from beaming with excitement as she watched Mike create a contact for her before handing the phone over so she could type in her number. As their fingers brushed their eyes immediately met one another, both of them feeling the eternal sparks of something deep and powerful erupting into their hearts.

"Here you go," El coughed nervously as she handed Mike his phone back. He smiled and immediately text El. She heard her phone dinging but didn't open his text, wanting to concentrate on him whilst he was still there.

They walked to the front door together, both of them reluctant for Mike to leave but knowing it was so late that neither of them could function properly.

"Thanks for bringing dessert Mike," El said smiling as she leaned against the door frame whilst he stood in the hallway.

"It's no problem. And um, thank you for letting me stay to watch movies with you. I had a really great time." Mike answered, a beautiful warm flush rising in his sharp cheeks that made El itch to touch his face.

"I had a great time too," El said breathlessly, her eyes dancing over his face. "Will you text me when you're home safe?"

"Definitely," Mike grinned, looking down at her, his eyes softening.

They stared at each other for a while before Mike cleared his throat, "well goodbye El. I'll speak to you soon."

"Bye Mike," El sighed, smiling tenderly as she watched him walk away. He was hesitant and walked slowly, but with his long legs he was soon moving away from the door and down the hallway.

El watched him, her heart pounding and yearning to be with him. *What the fuck are you doing?* Her mind and heart seemed to scream at her in unison. *Go after him!*

"Mike!" El shouted as she ran down the hallway towards him before he could disappear around the corner.

Mike turned around immediately, his eyes filling with concern as he saw the urgency on her face. "El what's – "

Her hands went to his cheeks and she closed her eyes, leaning up on her tiptoes and ending the space between them. Her lips met his and fireworks exploded in front of her closed lids. She heard Mike's breath hitch and then he was kissing her back eagerly, his arms wrapping around her waist and pulling her closer.

El smiled against his lips but managed to keep kissing him, her hands stroking his cheeks, his skin was incredibly soft, and she swooned as she breathed in his homely scent.

They finally broke from their kiss, breathless and red faced with matching goofy grins. "I just wanted to say goodnight," El finally panted.

Mike smiled ecstatically, his hand moving to the back of her neck, tickling the baby curls there as he brought her back for another kiss. She whimpered at the feeling of their lips moving together so perfectly, their lips tugging at one another in a blissful flurry.

When then moment ended Mike beamed, practically glowing. "Night El," he whispered breathlessly.

"Night Mike." El sighed hopelessly, as he gave her one more devastatingly beautiful lopsided grins before finally walking away with a promise to text her when he got home.

El practically skipped to her bedroom, a permanent goofy smile on her face as she collapsed onto her bed with a deep shuddering exhale. She reached for her phone, opening the text message Mike had left her so that she would have his number.

She grinned when she read it, biting her lip and counting down the minutes until they would see each other again.

*"I'm really glad I was your pizza boy ;-)"*

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AN: What do you guys think?! I hope you enjoyed that, please review and let me know what you thought.

Also, would you be interested in this becoming a two shot?

## 2. Part Two

### The Pizza Boy

AN: I have honestly been so amazed at the reaction to this one shot! So much so that I've taken the hints and the lovely reviews and given you what you wanted, a TWO shot!

Enjoy! :-)

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### Part Two

"What's your favourite colour?"

"Purple," El answered after mulling the question over. She was laying on her bed, the biggest and dopest grin on her face whilst she talked to Mike for the fifth time that weekend.

It had only been two days since El had met the cutest pizza boy in the whole world and she was pretty certain she was in love. She could feel it in her bones, in the fluttering of her heart and the twisting of her stomach. She was head over heels, completely and irrevocably in love with Michael Wheeler.

"What is your favourite colour?" El asked in return, trying to keep her voice from being so breathy when she spoke to him. Even his telephone voice was making her feel dizzy.

"Hmm, well if you'd ask me before Friday I would have said green. But now I'd say hazel..."

El immediately blushed and was thankful that Max had evicted her out of the living room after getting sick of the goofy look on her face.

"And why is that?" El asked coyly, her cheeks now painful from her wide grin. She could physically feel that Mike was smiling against his phone and it made her feel even more giddy than usual.

"Well I saw a pair of hazel eyes on Friday and I can't seem to get them out of my mind..."

El wanted to squeal, she wanted to squeal like a little girl, then jump on her bed in glee and then squeal some more. Shy and awkward Mike was adorable, but she was finding that flirty Mike was just... wow.

He simultaneously managed to get her heart racing like a train whilst making it halt and freeze with anticipation. She was positive Mike was no good for her health, El was sure she was going to have a heart attack any day now. But in the name of love it would be *totally* worth it.

"Well it's funny you should say that, because I saw this adorable pizza boy on Friday and I can't seem to get him out of my mind..." El found it so much easier to flirt on the phone, Mike didn't have to see her bright red face and how she was permanently denting her lower lip with her teeth.

"Oh really?" Mike chuckled lightly, the sound of his laughter leaving a warm glow in El's chest. "Well maybe we should do something about that."

El ran a hand over her face trying to get feeling back in her cheeks. "What are you suggesting?"

She heard Mike shuffling like he was changing his sitting position. "Well, are you free next weekend? We still need to watch *Return of the Jedi*. And maybe I'll cave, and we can watch *The Notebook*..."

"You will totally cave!" El giggled before sitting up against her headboard. "I'm telling you it's a great film. And you might even cry..."

"How is it great if I cry?!" Mike laughed, the trill of his voice making El almost melt against her blankets.

She shrugged even though he wasn't there to see and gently bit down on her lower lip to try and contain her goofy smile. "Michael, it is a romantic film with some very upsetting scenes. I'm not sure if you'll be able to handle it."

"I can totally handle it!"

"Hmm we shall see," El grinned, sighing happily as quietly as she could. "So, is Saturday night any good for you? I hear Max and Lucas will be going on their second date, so my place will be free for most of the evening."

"Yeah that's great." Mike said cheerfully. "In fact, I think Lucas said Max is planning on staying over at our apartment anyway."

El gasped in indignation, "just hold on a second Mike," she said hurriedly, not hearing his response before pressing the phone to her chest and yelling, "Max! Get in here now!"

There was some cursing and mumbling before Max opened the bedroom door, holding a bag of chips and munching on the golden crispy snacks. "What's up? Mike say something you didn't like?" she teased.

El rolled her eyes and stared at her best friend, "what's this I hear about you staying over at Lucas's next Saturday?" She made sure the phone was well pressed against her sweater before whispering, "are you two planning on having sex?"

Max snorted and leaned against the door frame, snacking away on her potato chips. "Lucas said he never gets a Saturday off, so this is a monumental occasion and he wanted to show me his apartment." She said nonchalantly before picking up another chip. Max looked up at El and smirked, "but yes, I am totally planning on getting on that chocolate daddy."

El spluttered and burst out laughing, watching as her chuckling friend gave her a little wave before closing the bedroom door and wandering back off to the living room.

"Sorry Mike," El said the moment she put her smartphone back to her ear. "I just had to check something with Max."

"I heard a lot of laughing, so I'm hoping it was about Lucas and not me?" Mike replied playfully, his smile so evident in his upbeat voice.

El grinned, "yes it was definitely about Lucas." She giggled, feeling happy and thankful for whatever force had brought Mike Wheeler,

the one night only pizza boy into her life.

"So, what's your favourite song?" Mike asked, changing the subject away from Lucas. El smiled brightly and started a full-blown conversation into her top ten favourite songs.

She noticed how easily the conversation flowed with Mike, like they had been talking forever and could still find something to discuss. But she relished in the fact that even when they didn't talk, and just smiled and sighed, it was comfortable and warm. The feeling was just like home.

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Mike couldn't wait a whole week to see El again. It was only Monday and their date wasn't until Saturday. He didn't think it was possible to miss someone this much, especially someone he had only met once.

But here he was, Monday afternoon, sulking on the couch in his sweats and eating junk food whilst watching sappy love films that belonged to Dustin.

"I don't see why Rose didn't just share. Jack could have lived," Will commented next to Mike as he stole some of his popcorn and watched poor Leonardo DiCaprio freeze to death.

"Yeah but would it be such a tragic film if he didn't die? Would it have done as well in the ratings?" Mike asked groggily as he lay his head against the arm of the couch and sighed.

Will looked over at him and smirked, "still missing her then?"

"Like you wouldn't believe." Mike mumbled, his eyes on Rose and Jack whilst she cried over his dead body. He frowned and turned his head lazily to Will, "why does Rose say, 'I'll never let go' and then immediately dump Jack in the Atlantic?"

Will snorted with laughter and watched the movie for a moment. "I think she means it metaphorically. Like she'll never let go of him her whole life, he'll always be with her." Will snuck a look at depressed Mike and grinned, "just like how you'll never let go of El..."

Mike's cheeks blushed but he didn't deny Will's comment. He had

never felt anything like how he felt when he met El. It was just meant to be one boring night of delivering pizzas, and it turned into something quite different.

There he was just knocking on her apartment door, ready to hand over two pizzas, take the cash and leave. But the moment the door had opened and he had seen who was standing there, the air immediately left his body in surprise and his heart felt like it started beating for the very first time. It suddenly felt like he had a purpose in life, there was a reason he was there, and it was all to do with her. El.

Mike didn't think he had ever seen a woman so beautiful in all of his life. He had been immediately captivated by her. His eyes dancing rapidly over her messy brown locks, her love heart shaped face, her gentle cheeks bones, her sun kissed skin, her rose petal lips and those astonishing eyes. They were like brown, green and liquid gold just drawing him in like a magnetic.

Of course, the moment had been ruined by Gizmo the pug humping his leg, but who cares, because Mike Wheeler got to meet El Hopper. And if there was ever a case for soul mates, Mike felt like he had hit the jack pot.

And how could he not think about their kiss? Mike had limited experience in that department, but holy shit the kiss had meant everything to him. He had felt everything, like a thousand butterflies fluttering away in his stomach, his pulse quickened with exhilaration and he could have sworn he felt a rush of electricity flash through his body.

He hadn't told his friends about the kiss, wanting to keep that special moment between him and El. It felt like the true beginning of something amazing, and he wanted to be selfish with that memory.

"Jesus is he still moping?" Lucas's annoyed voice suddenly called as he walked into the apartment with Dustin, both of them staring at Mike laying on the couch.

"Yep," Will commented before grabbing another handful of Mike's snacks.

"Ooh cool Titanic." Dustin said happily before dropping down onto the couch and sitting on Mike's legs, who then groaned in response and pulled them from under his friend.

"It's about to finish." Will said between a mouthful of buttery popcorn.

"We'll watch P.S. I Love You next if you really want to have a good cry Mike," Dustin commented patting the Paladin's shoulder supportively.

"Shit you'd think she'd broken up with him and they're not even dating yet," Lucas mumbled, scrolling through his phone before he collapsed into the armchair.

"You think we will date?" Mike asked hopefully, lifting his head slightly to look at Lucas whose eyes were glued on his phone. He was smirking and typing a message but seemed to hear his best friend regardless.

"Mike you're in love with her, of course you're going to date." He commented whilst the swooping sound of a text message being sent distracted the group.

Once again Mike didn't dispute this statement and just cleared his throat quietly, feeling stupid at admitting that he had fallen in love at first sight. It was something he would have scoffed at, but not until he had felt the overwhelming pull to El did he realise it was possible. And it wasn't just possible, it had happened.

"But what is she doesn't feel the same way?" Mike asked feebly, a flush of pink tinge crawling up his high cheek bones.

Lucas looked up from his phone and rolled his eyes whilst Dustin and Will sniggered. "Okay let's assess the evidence," Dustin said, ever the fixer.

"You're going on a date this Saturday," he began counting on his fingers whilst Mike watched on with hope in his eyes. "You two haven't stopped texting or calling each other unless either of you are in work. Lucas said Max was interrogating him about you for El, so

she was obviously interested. Plus, didn't you say that one minute she was in like her pyjamas and then the next time you saw her she was in a dress?"

"Y-Yeah," Mike spluttered, even his ears turning pink as he remembered El appearing in a tight dress that showed off the incredible curves of her body. Of course, he thought she looked just as beautiful in her pyjamas but fuck she had looked hot in that black dress.

"But she did say she was just dressing up..." Mike reasoned looking around at the boys.

"Yeah for you." Lucas said shaking his head in astonishment whilst Will and Dustin grinned playfully.

Mike was silent for a moment, wishing he could be as secure as the others when it came to flirting and obvious signals. All he managed to do was make situations awkward. Like why the hell did he have to say that the pug humping him was like sexual assault?! Because you're an idiot, that's why.

Lucas stared at Mike wallowing and sighed, "dude why don't you just go visit her at work or something? You're killing us here with the whole pity party thing."

"You think I should visit her at work?" Mike piped up, sitting up a little straighter and looking around at his friends for validation.

"Well it is a coffee shop," Dustin reasoned as he reached for the M&M's. "So, it's not like she won't be able to talk to you for a bit."

"Exactly." Will said before getting up from the couch to change the movie. "I'm sure she'll make some time for you anyway. You're an addict Mike, you need your fix." He teased.

"But take some actual work with you so you don't look like a stalker," Dustin pointed out whilst Will and Lucas chuckled.

Mike nodded eagerly, practically jumping off the couch and running to his room to change his clothes, before faltering and rushing to the bathroom to have a shower first. After all, her first impression of him

was in a stupid pizza boy outfit. This time he wanted to look a bit more presentable. And if she happened to think he was cute again, so be it.

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"And that's a soy latte and blueberry muffin for you sir," El said brightly as she handed the tray over to a stressed looking professor, who thanked her gruffly before finding a quiet area in the back.

The moment he was out of sight El turned around to give the coffee machine a clean and sighed heavily, allowing the customer service smile to wipe off her face.

She hated serving coffee, like hated it with a passion. But being a student meant having to work as many shifts at the college coffee shop as possible to fund her studies. She dreamed about the day when she would be able to hand in her notice and never look at another coffee bean again. It wasn't even like anyone interesting ever came in –

"Um, hi El."

El whirled around, almost dropping the dish cloth she was holding when she found Mike standing on the other side of the counter giving her a sheepish smile.

Her mouth dropped open in surprise and her eyes widened at the very pleasing sight of Mike Wheeler, the notorious pizza boy in front of her. He looked better than ever in a grey sweater and black jeans.

For a moment El forgot how to speak and wanted to shake herself for being so flustered every time she saw him. This wasn't normal!

"Mike," she finally gasped. "What...what are you doing here?"

Mike looked around almost self-consciously and cleared his throat. "Well um I wanted some coffee," he blurted out before his cheeks blushed a lovely shade of pink. His eyes met El's shyly and he slowly smiled. "And I wanted to see you..."

"Oh," El croaked wishing she was wearing something a bit nicer than plain white shirt, apron and black slacks. Her wild curls had been

plaited to the side so at least she didn't have to worry about her hair looking like a bird's nest this time.

She found herself blushing and grinning foolishly at the fact that Mike had wanted to see her again before Saturday. El would be lying though if she said she didn't want to see him too. It had been three days and she already felt stir crazy from being deprived of his presence.

"I'm glad you're here," El said smiling gently, feeling flustered and giddy when Mike beamed back in response.

"Me too." He answered quietly, his handsome face making it hard for El to concentrate on anything that wasn't him.

It wasn't until someone cleared their throat that El realised there was a line of customers behind Mike, all of them looking at her expectantly.

"Oh, sorry," she said trying to smile whilst feeling embarrassed at being caught in the act of gawking at Mike. She looked up at the man in question and tried to be professional, although the giddy grin on her face gave her away. "What can I get you?"

His eyes locked on El's for a moment and her heart raced before he looked at the board behind her. "I'll have a large cappuccino and one of those vanilla cupcakes please."

El nodded, trying not to grin too much. "To go or staying in?"

"Staying in," Mike said grinning back at her before looking down at the counter bashfully.

She rung him up on the cash register and subtly used her staff discount so that he didn't have to pay as much as the other customers who were impatiently waiting to be served.

"When's your break?" Mike asked casually, but El couldn't help but smirk as she read the nerves on his face.

"In like three hours," she admitted whilst making his coffee. "But I can see if one of the girls will swap with me."

"I can wait if not," Mike said sheepishly.

El raised her eyebrow and smiled coyly at Mike as she put his coffee mug on his tray. "You'd wait three hours?"

Their eyes met, and Mike's pupils seemed to widen making El's heart flutter madly in her chest. "Y-Yeah," he breathed roughly. "I'd wait however long you needed me to..."

El stopped a whimper escaping her mouth, but it was getting increasingly more difficult not to just grab Mike by his cute knitted sweater and pull him down for a passionate kiss. Her lips seemed to tingle in memory at how incredible it had felt to kiss him, and she realised in that moment she wanted that feeling again, she *needed* it.

"I'll get one of the girls to swap with me," El said firmly, realising there was no way she could wait three hours before hanging out with Mike. She grabbed a vanilla cupcake and put it on the tray, giving him a warm smile.

"Awesome," Mike said grinning ear to ear as he picked up his tray. "I'll um, see you in a bit then."

El smiled at him in response and watched as he walked away, her lower lip between her teeth as she checked him out.

"*Dude!* Can you stop drooling over that guy so that I can actually get some coffee?!" Came the voice of the nearest customer who looked like a surfer that El was pretty sure was in her American Literature class.

"S-Sorry," She spluttered, her cheeks red as she quickly served the student his double espresso and moved onto the next customer.

Every minute or so El couldn't help but look up at Mike. He was sitting on one of the couches, with a textbook in his lap. He would meet her eye and they would both grin before El hesitantly looked away, knowing she couldn't be too distracted otherwise she would mess up someone's order.

Thankfully the other barista Toni came out from the back having just finished her break. She was tying her apron back on when El pulled

her over by the coffee machine to talk privately. "Is it okay if I have my break now?"

Toni frowned in confusion, "sure. I mean you'll be hungry later though..."

"I don't care," El said already smiling before clearing her throat and give Mike the side eye. "See that guy over there?"

Toni looked and nodded before turning back to El, "yeah he's cute. Why?"

"I've got a date with him on Saturday," she blurted out happily. "And he's come here to see me, so I want to go and hang out with him instead of waiting like three hours."

Toni grinned, finally understanding the situation. She giggled, "go for it!"

The girls shared a smile and El took a deep breath, removing her apron and making herself a caramel latte. She gripped the glass by its small handle, urging herself to stop trembling like an idiot and just try and be herself. It was so *easy* to talk to Mike on the phone, then she only had to contend with his beautiful voice, but now she was getting the whole packet and it was a little intimidating.

El inhaled and exhaled deeply, calming her nerves as a big grin battled onto her face as she watched Mike reading his textbook whilst she walked over to him. As if sensing her presence, his eyes lifted from the page and he focused in on her, smiling sweetly.

"I'm not interrupting you studying, am I?" El asked feeling slightly guilty as Mike hurriedly closed his textbook and shoved it into his bag.

"Er no," Mike chuckled, his cheeks turning pink again. When El sat down next to him, he cleared his throat and smiled tenderly. "I only brought the textbook because Dustin said I would look like a stalker if I just sat here staring at you." He admitted sheepishly.

El laughed in surprise and Mike cringed reassessing his words, "wait that sounds bad, it's not that I was planning on just *staring* at you!"

Like I wanted to talk to you as well!"

"Mike, it's fine, I understand." El said still giggling lightly as she placed her hand over his where it was jiggling against his bouncing leg.

"Oh," Mike said relieved. "Okay." They both looked down at their hands and then smiled at each other. "I'm really looking forward to Saturday," Mike admitted as he watched El stir her coffee.

El's heart felt like it was doing a conga line. How was it possible for this man to make her feel so ridiculously happy? Was it okay that he held so much power over her entire existence? But as she looked up at him, she didn't see one threat, just a handsome lovable nerd who was making her believe in soul mates.

"I'm really looking forward to Saturday too." El said grinning against the rim of her coffee glass before taking a sip. "Have you had any thoughts about what you'll want to eat?" she asked him before putting the latte back down on the coffee table and turning her body slightly towards him.

Mike poised his lips in thought and El was suddenly desperate to kiss him once more, her eyes lingering a moment too long on his mouth. "I don't really mind, I'm not that fussy really. Is there anything you fancy?"

*Yes, you.*

"Um...well I thought it might be fun if we like made a pizza or something." El said sheepishly, feeling embarrassed for being so sentimental.

Mike however smiled in surprise and shook his head, "yeah totally! That would be cool. I can show you my amazing pizza making skills then." He said grinning cheekily whilst El giggled.

"Oh okay, you have amazing pizza making skills? Are they better than your ability to deliver the *right* pizza?"

"Hey!" Mike shouted in indignation before they both burst out laughing. "It was my first night on the job okay?!"

"First and *only*..." El teased as she reached for her coffee again.

Mike laughed loudly and El's heart sang with happiness, because god damnit he was *perfect*! He moved a little closer and smirked, his dark eyes playful, "well I can't have been *that* bad seeing as I got a good night kiss..."

El immediately blushed, her eyes involuntarily lingering on his lips again. They seemed to be a lot closer than they had a moment ago, their knees brushing as their eyes danced across each other's face. "I didn't kiss you because of your pizza delivery skills," El said quietly, her breath heavier as she inhaled Mike's scent and suddenly felt light headed.

"Why did you then?" Mike whispered in response, his dark amber eyes flickering gently to her lips.

El swallowed, her skin suddenly felt hypersensitive and the rest of the coffee shop seemed to disappear out of view. All she could see, or *feel* was Mike.

"That's...that's a good question," El croaked nervously. "With a lot of answers..."

Mike grinned slowly, closer than ever before as El tried not to whimper. "Why don't you tell me some?"

"O-Okay," El whispered whilst her body trembled. Why did she kiss Mike? That *was* a good question. Usually El would never be the one to make the first move, always too scared that she would ruin things. But with Mike *everything* seemed different, she didn't feel arrogant in knowing that he may share the same feelings as her, because she could *feel* that he did. It was in the air around them, it was in their hitched breaths and their lingering eyes.

"I kissed you...b-because you're sweet, kind, funny, handsome and very cute. Not to mention attractive." El whispered, her breath catching against Mike's.

Their eyes locked on one another and El smiled at the look in Mike's eyes. There was warmth and happiness mixed into the fascinating

blend of amber and shimmering black. It made her feel safe and *loved*.

Mike's hand moved up to her cheek, cupping her face and leaving her just enough time to gasp quietly before his mouth was on hers. El hummed in a combination of utter bliss and relief at finally touching his lips once more.

Their lips locked, both of them sinking into the kiss before their mouths moved slowly and surely against one another. El tilted her head slightly to deepen the kiss and goose bumps erupted over her skin when Mike groaned in response.

El's hand rested over Mike's still on her cheek as they kissed delicately, enjoying every delicious tug and movement of their lips. She couldn't get over how well they merged together, like they were fitted perfectly for each other's lips.

They finally broke away for air but kept close enough that their foreheads were touching. El was pleased to see the blush in Mike's cheeks, the dopey smile and the daze in his eyes. She knew she had to be the mirror image of him right now.

"So why did you kiss *me*?" El asked breathlessly, unable to contain her ecstatic grin. The kiss had been more than just touching lips, she had felt sparks of electricity hit her straight in the heart, and she didn't think she would *ever* be able to slow down her pulse again.

Mike's dazed eyes softened, and he smiled gently as he stared at her. "I kissed you because I like you El. A lot. You're beautiful and smart, you're really witty and sweet, and you look so fucking cute if you're in pyjamas with messy hair or in a sexy dress."

El laughed giddily whilst Mike smirked, the tip of their noses touching. "Did you think the *dress* was sexy or that *I* looked sexy in it?" she couldn't help but tease, feeling so happy it was probably illegal.

Mike grinned and nuzzled their noses gently, his eyes darkened as he caught her gaze. "*You* looked sexy in it," he admitted bashfully. "I almost dropped the pizza box."

El giggled and shook her head in amusement for a moment as she thought about how Max had forced her into that dress. But it was definitely nice to know that Mike had appreciated the effort. Although the fact he thought she looked cute when she was dressed as a slob was even more exciting.

"Hmm maybe I'll wear that dress on Saturday..."

"Really?"

"Nope, it was *ridiculously* uncomfortable."

Mike snorted with laughter whilst El giggled foolishly. They stared at each other for a moment, a happy smile plastered on both of their faces before they leaned in for another kiss. El was melting, she could physically feel her body go limp as she just went with the flow of the kiss.

The rest of El's break followed the same pattern, talking, laughter and kissing. It was blissful and El had practically forgotten she was still at work until Toni begrudgingly came and told her that her break had ended ten minutes earlier, but she had taken pity on her.

Blushing, El had gone to say good bye to Mike only for him to insist he would wait for her to finish her shift. Feeling surprised but happy with the turn of events, El got to serve Mike for the rest of the afternoon. He moved up onto one of the stools next to the counter and they chatted in between El handling *actual* customers.

Once her shift ended he walked her home, his smile bashful when she reached for his hand and entwined their fingers. They talked about everything and anything, El still amazed by how easy this all was. Whilst they had spoken all weekend, this was still technically the second time they had seen each other, but El felt a connection with Mike she had never felt with anyone else. It was like she had already known him in her last life, and every life before that. He already felt like a permanent fixture and it was the best feeling in the world to know they had found each other.

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Saturday didn't turn out to be Mike and El's first official date, it was

more like the third.

On Tuesday Mike came back to the coffee shop, immediately taking the seat at the counter to talk with El whilst she served customers. He left to go to class and then came back at the end of her shift. They kissed and talked, Mike walking into a lamp post because he didn't pay attention to where he was going whilst El went between laughing and peppering his face with apologetic kisses.

Wednesday rolled around and El visited Mike at his job in the local Radio Shack. The store was completely empty, so they got to enjoy a good few hours of talking and making out in the store room before El had to leave for class.

On Thursday Mike introduced El to Lucas, Dustin and Will, taking her to Casa Bianco Pizza Pie for dinner where they ate pasta and acted like children, trying to recreate the spaghetti kiss from Lady and the Tramp. El almost plucked up the courage to ask Mike to spend the night with her, but the idea of him thinking she was moving too quickly edged into her mind and she stopped herself.

Friday came around and after a full day of classes, Mike met El on campus and they went back to his apartment, laughing and goading each other as they played Star Wars Battlefront on his X-Box One. When El won, beaming and giddy from her triumph, Mike kissed her. *Really* kissed her.

She whimpered at the sensation of his mouth opening against hers and their tongues stroking in a perfect harmony. They were breathing heavily and tightening their arms around one another, desperate to get closer.

Mike gently pulled El down onto the couch and she wrapped her legs around his waist, moaning into his mouth as he kissed her passionately.

They abruptly broke apart when Dustin and Will walked in, their debate about whether Kylo Ren and Rey were actually in love or not halting on their tongues as they watched Mike and El stumbling to untangle their limbs and sit up straight on the couch.

"Nice to see you again El!" Dustin chuckled as Will yanked him into the kitchen away from the bright red couple.

Saturday finally arrived and El stood in front of her closet, contemplating what to wear whilst Max sat at El's vanity table and rifled through her earrings.

"So, are you and Mike going to have sex tonight?" Max asked casually as she held up a pair of dangly earrings to her right ear.

El spluttered in shock at her best friend's unexpected question, although she didn't know *why* she was still surprised at this point. Max wasn't exactly known for being subtle.

"No," El scoffed laughing awkwardly as she pulled out a few dresses. "I mean," she faltered thinking of how intimate things had been getting between her and Mike and how much she wanted to take it to the next level. "Maybe...I...I don't *know* Max!" El practically moaned in frustration as she chucked a few more dresses on her bed for closer inspection.

"I don't see what the big deal is," Max said as she picked out a pair of studded earrings. "If you want to and he wants to, then you might as well just do it."

El frowned, "yeah but isn't it too soon?" she asked sheepishly, exasperated at herself for even caring what others would think.

Max smiled gently looking up at her best friend. "I think it depends on the person El. And I have *never* seen you like this with a guy before. And Lucas told me that Mike is totally in love with you, that you are all he talks about and he gets all pouty when he's not with you."

El immediately flushed with pleasure, her eyes widening in surprise. "Lucas said Mike is in *love* with me?!"

"Yeah apparently he practically admitted it." Max said grinning at El. "But to be honest, I would have guessed that anyway. You've only got to see the way he *looks* at you to know he's crazy for you."

El's heart was hammering in her chest and she couldn't stop the giddy

smile on her face as she looked through the dresses on her bed. "I love him too," she admitted in a breathy sigh.

Max chuckled softly, "I could have guessed that! You're very obvious El." Both girls laughed and grinned as they got ready for their dates. El opted for a dusty purple skater dress with a halter neck that showed off the gentle curve of her collarbones.

An hour later El waved goodbye to Max and did a last minute clean-up of the apartment, making sure it looked inhabitable before Mike arrived. El was just fluffing one of the couch cushions out of nerves for the fifth time when there was a familiar knock at the front door.

She exhaled a shaky breath and grinned like a fool, hurrying out into the hallway and trying not to trip over her own heeled feet. El checked her appearance one more time before opening the door, her eyes immediately locking with Mike's.

"Hi," She said giddily, loving how his jaw dropped as he looked down her body.

"Wow," he gasped before his eyes moved back to her eyes and he smiled brightly. "You look *beautiful*."

"Thank you," El sighed contently as she reached for Mike's hand and laced their fingers together. "Come in," she chuckled pulling him in and closing the door.

She turned back around and jumped in surprise to realise Mike was right there, his hands moving to her cheeks as he leaned down and kissed her. El immediately softened and smiled against his lips, her arms wrapping around his neck as she kissed him back.

When they broke from the kiss El's heart was hammering with excitement and she exhaled happily, her eyes moving from Mike's eyes to his outfit. He was wearing a navy blue sweater and black jeans, and looking very *hot*.

"You look so good," El admitted, biting her lower lip and trying to calm the building heat in her body.

Mike smiled bashfully and shrugged, the movement lifting El's arms

for a moment. "I just wanted to look good for you."

"You *always* look good Mike," El immediately said, not wanting him to have a hint of self-doubt. He was beautiful and wonderful, inside *and* out.

Mike seemed happily surprised by her words and before she knew it they were kissing again. This kiss more passionate than the last as his arms wrapped around her waist and pulled her firmly to his body. El moaned into his mouth and felt herself becoming dizzy when Mike tugged on her bottom lip with his teeth, causing waves of pleasure to ripple throughout her body.

El was all for forgetting about dinner and just heading straight to her bedroom, but Mike eventually broke the kiss, breathing heavily and smiling at her bashfully. "So...should we make that pizza?" he asked breathlessly.

El couldn't help but grin at the wonderfully foolish look on his face before grabbing his hand and pulling him along to the kitchen.

They got to work on the base, laughing and joking as Mike stood behind El, her head leaning against his chest whilst they kneaded the dough together. Mike's sleeves were rolled up and their fingers caressed one another inside of the bowl.

"Why do I feel like this is a scene from *Ghost*?" Mike asked grinning, his lips tickling El's ear and making a shiver of desire run down her spine.

El snorted with laughter, keeping her eyes on the progressing dough. "I'm pretty sure she was making pottery and *not* a pizza..."

"Well it's still romantic," Mike murmured against her ear, kissing the lobe gently before nibbling on it, making El's chest heave as her eyes fluttered closed for a moment. "Something wrong?" he teased her playfully.

El opened her eyes and turned her head slightly to look at Mike's pleased face. She smirked, "yes I'm being distracted from making the best dough there ever was."

"Sorry I'll just go then," Mike joked pretending to pull away before El whined and grabbed his wrists, stopping them from leaving the bowl.

"I didn't say I wanted you to *stop*," El whispered flirtingly, her smile mischievous as she watched his handsome face. Mike grinned and moved up closer to her so she could feel his whole body against her own. El gulped and tried to remember who she was and what she was doing.

They made the dough without too much complaint, *well* that was until Mike decided to show off his dough tossing skills...

"Okay so Dustin showed me this one," he said excitedly as he draped the dough over his palm and forearm. He slapped the dough to his opposite palm and continued the process until it was stretched out.

"And then you do this," Mike added whilst he supported the pizza dough with his palm and fist, his tongue slightly out as he concentrated. "Here we go!" He flung the pizza dough up and it impressively twisted in the air and stretched into a perfect circle before he caught it.

"That's amazing Mike!" El gasped as she watched on in awe.

Feeling confident and clearly loving the compliments Mike did the same thing, only this time he was a bit more focused on El's bright smile and a little less focused on the twist of his palm.

The pizza dough flung straight into the air with force, flying and flying until –

Mike and El both slowly looked up with gaped mouths, their eyes wide in astonishment as they stared at their beautiful pizza dough stuck to the ceiling.

"Well shit." Mike croaked.

El looked at Mike, his face a mixture of embarrassment and devastation. Before she could help herself she was laughing, laughing so much tears were flowing down her cheeks as Mike joined in.

"I didn't *mean* to do it I swear!" Mike groaned before chuckling and

wiping at his tears of mirth whilst El clutched her sides and tried to focus on breathing normally.

But her attempts to calm down were *completely* destroyed when Mike started to jump on the spot, his arm outstretched as he tried to reach the dough. "How *high* is your fucking ceiling?!" He gasped as he tried again whilst El just giggled.

"Have you got a ladder?" Mike asked El, his cheeks pink still from embarrassment.

"Hold on," El said trying to stifle her laughter. "I've got a better idea, why don't I get on your shoulders?"

If it was a better idea or not El wasn't sure. Yes, it meant she was able to scrape the poor useless dough off the ceiling, but it also meant Mike was clutching onto her bare thighs to keep her up.

His hands were boiling, and she tried not to tremble at how amazing his firm grip on her thighs felt. Her dirty mind littered her thoughts with wonderful fantasies whilst she tried to focus on getting the dough off and not let it land in Mike's hair.

When El was back down she washed her hands in the kitchen sink and looked over at Mike's flour and dough covered sweater. "I'm sorry I got it on you," she said frowning and walking closer to him. "Want to take it off and I'll wash it for you?"

"Yeah that would be great thanks." Mike said as he pulled off the sweater, leaving him in a black shirt. El's eyes were immediately drawn to where the shirt riddled up and exposed his lightly toned stomach. She gulped and quickly looked away when his head appeared out of the sweater.

"Thanks," Mike said bashfully as he handed El over his sweater. She felt the soft and warm material in her hands. The sweater that *Mike* had just been wearing, the item of clothing that had clung to his body...

"I'll get it back to you as soon as possible." *You are never getting it back.*

"So," Mike said sheepishly as they gathered around the decimated dough and prodded it with their fingers. "Want to order a pizza?"

El grinned, her eyes light and playful as she looked at Mike. "I thought you'd never ask."

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Whilst embarrassing himself in front of El was definitely *not* what he wanted to do on their date, it appeared that ordering a pizza saved a lot more time than actually making one. It meant they could go straight to watching *Return of the Jedi* and cuddle together on the couch.

It was hard to believe that just over a week ago they had first met, and now they were a tangle of limbs whilst watching one of Mike's favourite films. El had her head against his chest and he could *not* hide his dopey smile or the love-struck expression in his eyes. But Mike felt like he was at the point when he didn't even *want* to hide his obvious feelings.

El sighed contently which only made Mike grin wider. The fact that she was genuinely happy with him was just unreal. How did a nerd like him get the most beautiful girl in the world? It was unheard of.

"This is perfect," she hummed, tilting her head back slightly to look up at him. Mike beamed back at her, taking in her warm smile and the bright hazel eyes that he would do anything for. *She* was perfect, she was everything to him.

"It really is perfect," Mike whispered before leaning down and pressing his lips to her. She smiled against his mouth and then her lips tugged on his own, her tongue seeking entrance and making him groan as he let her in.

Things between them were getting more heated by the day, and whilst Mike was wanting nothing more than to be with her in every aspect of a relationship, he didn't want to rush her. But clearly El had other plans...

Her fingers laced into Mike's hair, a surprise groan of pleasure ripping from his chest as she tugged at the strands. Their kiss became

hungrier and needier as El flung her leg over his thighs and straddled him.

Mike's hands moved down the curve of her body before he gripped her hips and continued to kiss her with a fervour of passionate tension. Things were getting *very* hot until –

There was a knock at the door and Mike and El stopped kissing immediately, their pupils blown and their chests panting as they tried to gather their composure.

"That'll be the pizza," El said breathlessly as she pushed herself off him and got up from the couch. She smoothed down her dress, giving a still speechless Mike a sly smile before heading into the hallway.

Mike cleared his throat and looked down at his crotch with a groan, willing his body to calm itself down before she got back. He listened as El opened the door to Will who chatted away with her for a moment. He begged mentally that his best friend didn't ask where he was, and thankfully Will didn't.

"Have a good night!" Mike heard Will call before El thanked him and closed the door.

"Hungry?" El asked cheerfully as she came into sight holding the large pizza box.

Mike gulped and looked at her for a moment, "y-yeah."

They managed to calm down enough to eat their plain cheese pizza and discuss Star Wars theories whilst they got back into the movie. Once the film was over, El grinned like a child as she put *The Notebook* on and Mike rolled his eyes, preparing for a cheesy ass film.

It only took ten minutes for him to realise that the movie was actually really good. He wrapped his arms around El holding her close whilst paying attention to the film, wondering if he could ever be as romantic as this Ryan Gosling.

"Shit that was hot," Mike croaked after the love scene in the film ended. El giggled and scooped some more ice cream out of the Ben and Jerry's pint they were sharing.

At the end of the movie Mike felt a lump in his throat, it had been pretty romantic and sad all at the same time.

"So, what did you think?" El asked tentatively as she stood up and grabbed their trash, Mike helping her clear up before following her into the kitchen.

"It was actually really good," he admitted with a small smile. Mike leaned against the counter and watched El flutter around the room, putting things away whilst grinning at him. "Like it was sad too you know? But I like how they were always together, even at the end." Mike said softly, his eyes not leaving El.

She closed the freezer after having put the ice cream away and turned to Mike with a sweet smile that went straight to his heart.

El's eyes locked with his as she moved closer whilst his body trembled in anticipation. "I always wanted to find someone to love like that." She admitted quietly, her smile turning shy as she looked at him.

Mike swallowed slowly as he watched her. "And have you?" he asked breathlessly. "Found someone you love like that I mean."

El's smile turned from shy to knowing and bright. The tension in the air was palpable and Mike could almost feel the electricity buzzing around them.

"I'm looking at him."

Mike's heart all but exploded at her words and before he could even think about responding, he was lifting her up and kissing her with every fibre of his being. El gasped and wrapped her legs around his waist, drawing him in closer as she kissed him with vigour and happiness.

He wasn't as suave as Ryan Gosling, but when El murmured against Mike's lips that she wanted him, he managed with a few stumbles and a knocked head here and there to make it to El's bedroom in one piece.

They tumbled onto her bed giggling, before gasping and kissing

tenderly as they made love. The words were soon tumbling out, affirming their bond and their future as they whispered their love to one another, knowing they would remember this moment *forever*.

And two years later when Mike knocked on the front door of the apartment he shared with El and she opened the door in surprise, it was to find her boyfriend on one knee, grinning like a fool and holding an open pizza box where he had written, "Will you marry me El Hopper?"

The box was soon discarded and out came a beautiful white gold ring with a shiny diamond as El cried tears of happiness, pulling Mike up and jumping into his arms whilst he laughed and cried holding her close and thanking the universe for sending him, Mike Wheeler, the beautiful and incredible El Hopper.

Best friends, lovers and soul mates.

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AN: And we're done! I really hope you enjoyed this two-shot and that it was actually worth the extra chapter.

Please let me know what you thought. Reviews are like a writer's food!

Lots of love to you all and may we forever drown in Mileven fluff.